

DARING'S DARLINGS

It has been a well established fact that women come in assorted cuts and shapes and, an equally well observed conclusion, that men like 'em that way. So be it—and so are *it*. And the best place to see it is inside the pages of *MARY DARING*. You'll find a host of beauty from home and abroad—a little something for everyone.



GENERAL
YAGISHI'S

SECRET ARMY

He used sin-savvy Oriental beauties as bait to lure officials with important information into his love traps. A simple set-up? Well, it almost lost a war for this country.

Editor's Note: The author, an American, was sent to Hong Kong, Shanghai, and Japan and then around the world's secret hideouts at Singapore. He had some meetings with British intelligence for several years when he gained the G.I.'s as one of its few agents ever made before the war closed Pearl Harbor.

When visitors meet someone like the Fox East as long as I have, you're not too surprised coming in for no reason are concerned. They've known them all—the beautiful little Japanese girls who take their guests, put them behind the screens, the master of fact. Chinese girls who are really not for sex but like to be in a gay pool, the slimy American half-breeds whose agents are the best in the (Continued on next page)



OF NAKED GEISHA GIRLS

By FRANK BANCROFT



"If there is anything you want," the Japanese girl said, "I am here to see that you get it."

The geisha was sponging me with water red with my blood.

and who live to hurt they can kill a man with their fingers.

But there were some surprises left for me when, one bright August evening, of 1941, I visited the Palace of the 1808 Pleasures in San Francisco. There was still a war-torn town there, its border-town district was lined with the kind of cheap joints, cheap bars and cheap old houses, and you could not walk along the streets without being propositioned a couple of times in every block.

The Palace of the 1808 Pleasures was probably the most respectable establishment in the city at that time. The number of clients was limited, the rules were strictest, and you could only get in by special invitation. I got one of those invitations and I went.

There's been nothing else, for the arrangement was by appointment only and the little old man who managed the place had put the timing at the door in his Japanese robes and had ordered the men out of the pleasure rooms. And that's where my experience started.

A half dozen kimono girls, such a perfection of line and figure, swarmed gurgling into the room—full gurgling, they swarmed all over me and started taking all my Western-style clothes, as is the custom in geisha houses. Where my surprise came in was that the girls' kimonos were no made of the usual frills but of transparent silk that clung wetly to their slim figures. They were nothing under these kimonos, small as their party-splashed bosoms, their gently rounded hips and slender limbs. They swarmed all over me, covering me with

glay ash, silky looking—they sponged and laughed, and they got the down on a few Japanese words and brought me tea, and they sang and they danced and their swarmed clothes that told everything.

It would have been great if I'd been at the Palace at the 1808 Pleasures during the latter end of good time. But I wasn't, I was there on serious business, damn serious business, and I noticed she reminded me of it, there was the pressure on my thighs of the thin leather straps that held the skirts of a tiny but shiny kimonos and the wide borders of a short, lacy petticoat, decorated for 12 outdoor magazine exposures during that festival because, if our suspicions were correct, this wasn't a picture of pleasure but of intrigue and death, and from the moment I'd stepped through the door I'd been in mortal danger.

A busy room, white walls, a lot of light and every member of the Washington D.C. my chief had called me with his office.

"Thank," the colonel said, "we have got a real problem on our hands. We've been losing some of our best men—Army, Navy, Air Corps, OSS—before they even get up a boat to go out in the Far East. The man got out to San Francisco in the Fall of 1940. He's gone. They go in town for a last night of revelry too. And then they don't come back."

"Discover?"

The colonel shook his head. "No question of that. Everyone of them was reliable top-notch. All Far Eastern operations like yours will. They just disappear without a trace. And there's another thing

too. We've looked some Japanese rule messages that indicate that some of our most important secrets are leaking out. Lots other things we're working on. But what we're convinced at Commander, what we plan to do when the day comes that the Japs attack."

"Get my hands?"

"Not many. First, I want very interested. The thing is to do it in a way that doesn't cause any trouble. There's no doubt that the source of trouble is somewhere in the Bay Area. There is some powerful machine of Japanese agents at work."

"Why not just round up all the Japs?"

"We can't do that. We can't do it. Let me tell you what we do know. We know that General Lockwood, let's say one of the men who disappeared—and someone that he was going to a geisha house."

"That figure," I said. "He was an old Far East hand, and we all say geisha that gets in the world."

The colonel smiled. "Myself. I like American girls best," he said. "But he had a map, the general went to a geisha house, and the other men who disappeared probably went too. I think we have a wholesale leak and espionage operation on our hands."

"Shouldn't he be hard to find the Franco geisha houses?" I said.

"No one," the colonel said. "I checked the logs on their operations are impossible. There's nothing we can do. This is still a hot country and I hope it stays that way. Only thing to do is to get into the heart of the matter and stop it. I suggest you stay at the Palace of 1808 Pleasures."

It's means about the place it was highly "respectable" which means expensive. My doubt showed on my face.

"I know," the colonel said. "We been operating for years and we've been people for about that. Let me tell you that about ten months ago, just before the trouble started, the Palace changed ownership. A woman who calls herself Lady Takemoto now runs the place. And now here comes the trouble."

"What's that?"

"We had a report from the embassy in Tokyo about a year ago that General Yagata, director of Japanese special operations in

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VICKI GRAY

Vicki Gray is the latest graduate of the New School of British liveliness who have come to grace our shores. Salty and impetuous, they are carrying far all time the top image of the traditionally bright English society. Vicki is typical of the different new generation who have traded in their tweeds for rock clothes.



As a child during the days of Hitler's bids, Yvett was hardly developing a low secret suspicion of her own. The orthopedicist, she dips her hands and her ears. However, she still enjoys to costume active professions, like making us a happy night with a good conversation.

Don't be misled by Yoko's charming British accent when she calls you "old boy" it means the same as when a Georgia peach calls you "negah."



THE

NUDE GYPSY

AND HER LIVING DEAD!

She was love-hungry for men, and those who could appease her wild, womanly appetite became slaves to this Mistress of Hell.

By PIERRE SOULANGE

Editor's Note: Mistress Endanger is one of France's outstanding temptresses and vampire artists, the specialty in the repertoire of international crime cases.

The nerve woman was drawn up in an empty corner of the field not far from the landing carousel. It was late at night now, the wren music of the merry-go-round had stopped, and as its place-taken sound of the beach, heavy gust from the belly doors whisper wafted through the darkness. The four wheels still turned, and the track test was

doing a hard office business.

Arise from the concrete multi-colored patches of light, an enormous dark shadowed across the field, just the gypsy wagon, back toward the French town of Epinal. One of them was Jacques Marney, a 19-year-old pipe fitter. Jacques was a good looking, husky young man; he had gone to the carnival to teach and to drink and to forget that he had just been pined by his girl.

When Jacques entered the (continued on page 40)



"Look at my lover!" the gypsy laughed. "We drink wine, not for drink alone!"

MAN'S

HOW DO YOU RATE AS A LOVER? TAKE LOVE TEST



DARING

SHOCKING EXPOSE: **HELL IN A BLUE BIKINI!**

ROY-A

THE **NUDE GYPSY** AND
HER **LIVING DEAD**



**N. YAGISHI'S
SECRET ARMY
OF
NAKED
U.S. GEISHA
GIRLS**



THE
**ABOMINABLE
 SNOW-WOMAN**
 OF MT. BADRINATH



They said she didn't exist, that she was a myth, but the woman he held in his arms was real—or was he going mad?

By SPENCER YETI

EVERYONE told Mr. Yeti he was an American mountaineer with great climbing experience in the Himalayas. He was a member of the famous expedition which was first to climb the summit of Annapurna. The story he told them is about another climb.

James Anderson was snowed out flat on the freezing snow. His staff craved in two places where he had walked across the jagged edges of the cliff during his fall. He had been climbing about all the rest of our party and somehow he must have had

his footing on the ledge about six feet had reached down the two hundred feet cliff and landed with a scolding thud on the steps where we were standing. The three of us, myself, Dr. Greenfield, and Lane Winchcomb our photographer, were stooping over the dying, broken body. He seemed to be trying to tell us something. "What is it? What is it, James?" Lane cried. Finally, between the blood pouring from his open mouth, he managed to say, "I—I—now—has—where—like—now—"

(Continued on next page)



Jim had little fear of attacking the big manatee. It was man the thought dangerous.

dark—bared me . . . Then, the dark-void closing in his throat, he died.

The throb of an answering ear and looked at me without a comment. "What did he see?" Dr. Severfield asked. He was a sharpset man with a tall, black beard and a nose straight to see him in his eyes. "Could it have been the manatee—did you see him?"

"Yes, he said it was a deer," Lane said. "And that she looked like." Lane was a grizzled man with full brown and red hair and though the wind as if she was under; then she came on the mountain, I knew the look her eyes on me. "Well, whatever it was," I said, "there's nothing more we can do now but bury James. It's a much less man going to be able to tell us anything more." I took another look at Lane, and the thought struck my mind that she might be a good time for me to examine her. We'd done a lot of digging that day and all of us would see a little relaxation.

At this point, Owsen, our head

porter, and one of his men came up the slope. Owsen was a short-set Neapolitan, and his accent was, I didn't trust him much, a damn. I didn't like the man's teeth that he always carried in his belt, and I didn't like the way he looked at Lane. Dr. Severfield told him what had happened, and what he mentioned the strange woman in white to whom the dying man had referred, the olive-skinned Neapolitan grinning. "The red one," he said. "We do her?" Screaming wildly he roared down the slope toward our low camp before any one even thought of stopping him. Dr. Severfield was puzzled. "Now what could have possessed that man?" Gladly Owsen replied, "It had me. When he got to camp he told all powers about and one, they all died. You'll see."

"It better try to stop them," Dr. Severfield said. He motioned Owsen to follow him and started down the mountain. "What for us here?" he cried over his shoulder.

I didn't mind at all being left alone with Lane. She was still pretty quiet about James's death and her cheeks were red with bluish of them. I put my arm around her and led her to a mound of forest. We sat down and I pulled her to me, kissing her again and again, reaching into her pockets with my free hand. "That's fine," she protested. "Not now." She was right. It was not the right time. "Thought that," I said. "Let me come to you when the others are asleep." She looked at me for a long while, then she shook her head, indicating her unwillingness. My long wait was finally going to pay off.

WE HAD STARTED OUT on our expedition early in August and now it was the first week in September and we were only slightly more than halfway to the top of Mt. Baldy, which rose to a height of over 22,000 feet in the Sierran System of the rugged Sierran. Unlike most mountains on these lofty mountains, there was not, unfortunately, any because Baldy was there. We were a scientific party headed by a scientific report of a two-legged creature who had been seen at different times by several other climbers during their attempts to scale the slopes of Baldy. I didn't believe a word of it myself, but Dr. Severfield was particularly excited about these rumors, for he was an anthropologist doing special research of the

so-called "missing link" theory. He had his suspicions that the creature seen on the mountains might be the solution to that long-mooted mystery. I had agreed up with the expedition as a guide and, to be honest, I was much more interested in Lane than in mountains.

When Dr. Severfield returned with Owsen it was obvious that the look on his face that he was bringing had news. His black beard bristled with anger. "That fool power did just what Owsen said he would," he declared. "He pointed all the other parties and they ran the hell out of camp before we could get to them. Now we'll have to leave most of our equipment behind, and damned if we don't go on with the climb without them. He refused to give us the whole thing up until Lane reminded him of James's dying words. 'What about the strange thing he saw? Shouldn't we at least go up and have a look?' Lane's words revivified Severfield's curiosity and after some heated persuasion we started out to climb the cliff.

ONE MORE MOUNTAIN was the clear wall many two hundred feet vertically to the ledge from which James had fallen. He had given up about all as to push holes in the face of the rock in order to make a stair for the rest of us to follow. And now, with ropes tied to our waists, we made the climb, precarious ascent, which was complicated all the more by a rock wall and a wet snow that hung over the face as a ladder. "The mountain, is it all the way?" Owsen said behind me. A chill ran through my body at his words. The mountain is death to climbers of a mountain that high up in the mountains, but it seemed to me too steep in the middle for the storm to begin. "Keep that head of talk to yourself!" I said sternly to Owsen, for I had the feeling he was trying to worry us. We moved steadily upward up the steep wall, then suddenly death was upon passed out, above.

Treading fast on the rope, Dr. Severfield lost his footing and was hanging out over the precipice. For a moment, I missed him, but the doctor's enormous weight would drag all of us down with him. He would, too, if I couldn't swing him back into the wall so that he could grab a hook.

Continued on page 55

THE MANY SIDES OF MARIE STINGER

For a taste of honey without getting stung, we suggest Marie Stinger—a girl who has things sweet, sweet music, sweet talk, sweet manners. Wowed about that voluptuous body? Not Marie. An hour or so of her own occasional brand of Twisting Things has in beautiful shape.





Marie is a girl of many talents. New friends are always surprised when they learn that she is an expert in an area as diverse as ballet—and very few girls can top Marie when it comes to being a chocolate lover.



Marie is always on the go, go, go. A real dancer, who likes swimming, tennis, skating, and, of course, men. Especially men who like chocolate super girls.

Indecent or not, Marie's fun to be with—and when you're with her, you're in for a good time-out you can keep up with her.



A popular girl, with many friends and admirers, she attributed it all to her outgoing personality. She hopes to be a great success in pictures, and from here it looks like she's a dog. But Maria isn't actually losing any sleep over it. She shrugs her shoulders and leaves things up to fate. One year, sure, on the Italian way.



Living like in the film is Maria's goal. She has fun whenever she does. No pride, she enjoys it fun little drinks with an interesting companion. Her preference is beverages? Shoppers, naturally!



HELL IN A BLUE BIKINI

By RALPH WHORLE as told to JIM MILLER

LETTY, like the M&M's, is a free-lance theme reporter who rates the novelty in search of exciting and all kind stories. His file has appeared in many of the major newspapers and magazines across the United States. Before arriving at this location, that person arrived from Miami, where when this season, a number of young, male persons in Florida prisons and detention centers.

They mentioned the power to the one job and forced Letty to look at Betty's body.

I didn't want to, I tried to lower my head, but one of the cops noticed and turned my head back. I turned it again. "Keep your eyes straight ahead," he said, warning cutting through his voice like the edge of a steel blade. "You're supposed to be a tough guy. Take a good look at your work."

I fell into. A twisting wave of nausea rose from the pit of my stomach and I had to fight like hell to keep from throwing up. I was sick, all right, but I couldn't take anything like this.

Betty Tinslow's loneliness was a thing of the past. Her hair looked like a matted mass of mouse-colored fluff. Her skin was bleached and her eyes had turned blue-white from the cold. But this wasn't the worst of it.

They yanked back the sheet. Great bands of her skin and flesh had been ripped away by sharks or harpoonists, exposing her bones and raw organs. There were two gaping holes where her eyes once were. Her neck had been sliced from throat.

The harpoon lines seemed to have cut away beneath my feet. I felt lost. The cop pulled me around and led me away from the cold slab where Betty was lying.

I glanced over to see how the woman was doing. The blonde had grown slightly pale under her tanned skin. But other than that, there was no reaction. She stared at the corpse as hard as she could and though all of the were looking at, a slightly spaced-out person.

She curled her head and for a few seconds my eyes were not looking. We didn't speak. We had nothing to say to each other, now. Anything that had been believed in was over and done with—believed by the dead and in the streets.

Later, back in my cell, I had lots of time to think things over and remember how I'd come to meet Doc in the first place.

I still remember, I suppose, when we decided to come down to the little Florida resort town. There were four of us. We were all going to the same school and we figured that would be a great place to have a hell during spring vacation.

There were a lot of guys and girls there from different colleges. Mostly, they came to have a good time themselves a while and maybe have themselves a romance. But I wanted something more than that. I wanted love, I wanted action.

I didn't know when my three buddies really wanted and I didn't question them to find out. I was the leader of the crowd and they followed me.

I was older than the others and had been around a hell of a lot more. Before I went off to college, I'd had several years in the merchant marine and had also worked on the waterfront at both New York and San Francisco. I owned company on my trip south, and I told the others that if they stuck with me I'd show them the best of time they'd never had before.

It was wasn't there a day before Mike Dave and Freddie had found themselves there with them a really girls college. I was still looking off though. I wanted something more than that, then a classroom of American dream. I found what I was looking for in my third day there.

She was wearing a small blue bikini which let everything but the breast. continued on page 14

*As the American grew closer, he held the tall
Iranian girl in his arms and pulled her close to him.*



*This was to be a party to end all parties—and, for one of them, it was going
to turn out just that way.*



"Well, you have all the pets you want, now
I want one of my own."

GALS and PETS

Vol. 1
1954



"Now I know you've
just admired her dog!"



"Move him back no later than 2001"



"Your dog is suffering from lack of love... our rehabilitation program starts with the owner."

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His Act like the story of the hotel entering her back, and during the wild hours of the men who find the this—their, the blacked out.

MY NIGHTS OF NAKED TERROR

By AL BRISCOE

Editor's Note: For reasons which become apparent as you read this weird confession, the name of its author is the BRISCOE. However, a check of the Los Angeles newspapers by this office revealed the fact of a BRISCOE (possibly the subsequent death of Alvin Karpis), proving the authenticity of his "brother's account."

My reviled was in my mind—14 to 16 all decent—women, which would make all my dream come true, & place in the sun down Madison-way, with all the men and women-eyed glass forever from

my mind. Yeah, in that little black bag was my money stolen from Midway Street to Bay Street. The last office on the 12th floor had been my job after my usual camp, that that was all behind me, and so was the tops.

Earlier in the day, going to a restaurant to go to work, I'd cut the burglar alarm in the window. I'd just finished my last when the light went, and I'd stepped up to get my money gone in the form of the thing. I handled (Continued on next page)



To be the only man in a harem of beautiful and willing women is something most men dream of, and, in this case, the dream came true—but the demands of the passionate playthings turned the dream into a nightmare.

The felt the hot sting of the bullet entering his chest, and heard the cold laugh of the man who fired the shot—then the darkness came.

MY 9 NIGHTS OF NAKED TERROR

By AL BUSCE

Ed took his life. For anyone whose beauty appeared as you need this word confession, the words of Al Busce at 51 years, however, is that of the late, famous man. Busce, by the way, was the first of a kind, and the subsequent death of his brother, proved the nobility of the human mind.

My first was in my early 30s. On a all day, every day, which would make all my dreams come true. A place in the sun, down, down, down, with all the sun and color, and the night, down, down, down.

My second, Yeah, in that little black bag was my first, my first from Moscow Street to New York. The last, when on the 10th floor had been my first, when my first, when. But that was all behind me. And so was the rest.

Then, in the day, going in a magazine, then in your office, I'd see the first, when the night would be just behind my head, when the night would be just behind my head, when the night would be just behind my head. (Continued on next page)

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Edgar's letter, the system which he used appeared in the mail this week containing the cover of a Boston of 50 Lines, Boston, a check of the New York newspaper for the 10th as received the first of a 1900 paper, and the newspaper's death of John (Boston), proving the authenticity of the Boston's account.

My problem was in my suit—44 On so all dimensions, what would make all my shirts come true. A place in the sun, down Mexico way, with all the same and colorful rapid, close however true.

my mind. Yeah, in that little black bag was my only token from Mulochy Street to Easy Street. The last office on the fifth floor had been my parking spot after my careful commute. But that was all behind me. And in came the cops.

Earlier in the day, going to a maintenance shop to get repairs, I'd see the bumper stuck in the window. I'd just finished my lunch when the night watchman whopped me to spot the wrong piece in the beam of his flashlight I hurried. (Continued on next page)



To be the only man in a harem of beautiful and willing women is something most men dream about, and, in this case, the dream came true—but the demands of the patients' playthings turned the dream into a nightmare. 31



"This is just going to be a sample of what you'll get," the girl sneered. "If you try talking to the cops."

She sat out on the fire escape snatched during the days. By the time I dropped into the courtyard, night rats were weaving up the neighborhood. I snaked the back door, came out on Kinkadee Street where a looking looper put pointed me I wasn't going to play late and hours on there. Kim Francisco built I looked back in to the alley squeezed through a doorway of cigarette. A small dog's whistle telling the rest of the pack to converge on the victim, not me, clanking up a few steps ladder. A second story window was open. Wink, suddenly I slipped inside.

The room was dark, except for the lighting on the floor and empty. The bed looked inviting enough to rest in until the eyes hummed. I threw off my pants, tucked off my shoes and lowered myself to the floor in the trap cool sheets. The chair had good me. I closed my eyes and hid sleep. I was dreaming of a soft, powdered girl with buttons open and luminous lips lying there beside me like I loved me, and her long black hair brushed my face, tickling me. I smiled and playfully pushed her away, and then I heard her voice, pitched with passion and warning.

"What's the matter honey? Don't you like it?"

It was as if that, I was almost dead. I tried to open my eyes, afraid that the dream would disappear, but I did. And it wasn't a dream—it was real! DARK, enormous red lips there in a transparent nightmare with ribbons that were made to be on red.

I would be on the lightest red couch, my like a few poles. And then suddenly I remember

ed what had happened during the night. Had a black dream in.

I didn't have to wonder any more. The night converted into the pale champagne dress was good enough. But who was the mysterious mistress of mine? And where was the man?

As if to answer, the door swung open. The street looked in it, a lightness suddenly turned over her elegant shoulders painting a symmetrical image of me. "That's how that's the man," she cried.

I turned to a sitting posture, ready to make a break for it. She'd blown the whistle on me. It was the cops! But it wasn't. A woman pushed behind the girl and strode into the room. She had a strong, angular face, covered with creases of pleasure, but and a heavy beauty that top and down, and a body knotted with muscles. She looked like a female wonder with a taste to match.

"What are you doing here? How did you get in? Who are you?" she snapped each word cracking like a bone. The girl went for an answer. "Get your clothes on and beat it. It's the cops, black dog, don't forget it. You're not welcome here!"

I thought you'd see, how up late to my room," the girl said.

I swung my legs off the bed, and out to the big leaved bed, and then I was thrown out of better years than this last. "I work out at the gym and there for a few hours," she said. "Thanks for the happy life, sweetheart."

The girl smiled and was produced out of the room by her great girl friend. I closed my eyes with cold water from the tap, wiped the window out of my clothes, scooped up my needles of hair

then casually went out—down a flight of steps to the lower on the first floor. I felt confident now, morning had cleared the air of the risk of arrest. And then my doorless house helped my between the double doors. She was all smiles, like a suburban housewife in a flower dress.

"Do breathe and please," she said. "I know I was rude, but I was upset. That I spoke up to you by asking you to stay to breakfast? I'm sure you'll enjoy the company made."

How was I to know it was like the spider taking the fly to come into her power? I followed her through the double doors and suddenly my feet rested to the open. There sat my person, plump, of her mouth teased at a long smile with a clean effect of delicate teeth—blades and bristles, fragments on papers, fragments, looking, looking, looking. They spoke me curiously as I sat down, and Madam, lowering her a mother hen over her chicks, moved among them pecking and his.

"Isn't it nice, girl?" she said. "We want you to come so early in the day."

What was that? A security house, a girl, like a laughing house? I thought it was, I had a lot of questions, and I meant to explore every one of them. It turned out to be the most important day of my life. I had my neck of the crop and then the one when that was the one after it. A woman, round robin of love, redoubtable. Madam made sure I had all the comforts of home, and when a house it was! The room I had told her was, had two of the girls manage the whole situation had my clothes whisked away to be pressed. I was headmistress of the house in that I thought great recommendations pulled the top strongly and the conventional pleasure through which I was entering the world of people dedicated.

I didn't raise any question to the frequent coming of the front door, that night in the dark women that flitted up to my room. I was happy with my own affairs. Somewhere in the early hours of morning, I fell into a deep exhausted sleep. When I woke up, around noon, I decided that the exhausted phase of Madam couldn't wait any longer. In

continued on page 20



PEGGY RAY

Like the skilled Aphrodite riding, drop-kickered, up from the waves comes Peggy Ray, a gal with a touch for too in the sea. Peg is a real beach too, likes to romp on the golden sands. She's the girl who's been missing from your beach blanket, the one you need to rub sand on all on your back. She's a good swimmer, and one of the few girls who gets her bathing-suit wet.



Peggy's passion for sun-worship-
ping doesn't mean that she'd sit
just to a little moonlight expo-
sure—she'd not with just any guy.
It has to be Mr. Right, or no one.



belonging to the surf keeps
her cool and relaxed after a
hot day's posing before the
camera. Easygoing and vivacious,
she is wild about all
sports-outdoors and is. Her
big ambition in life, besides
modeling, is to cultivate an
all-over tan. A sunny disposition
and her willingness to go
along with almost anything
makes her the perfect candidate
for the desert-stand-
with-you lot.



HOW DO YOU RATE AS A LOVER? TAKE THE LOVE TEST

Find out if you're really the Don Juan you think you are.

By DR. GUYLE STRATTON



The girl in your arms may be willing, but are you able?

NOT SO LONG ago, a young man came to my office. He was tall, handsome and had the muscular build of an athlete—in short, he looked like a winner. Yet, the odds of most most healthy girls would have to get their hands on him. But the story he told me proved just the opposite.

True enough, he had no trouble meeting girls, dating them, and usually, to get a fairly promising. When he engaged in love affairs, there was no physical incapacity of giving a woman the pleasure and satisfaction she requires in her relations with a lover. His woman's assembly started a few days after they had become acquainted with him. Every one of the girls he had known became acquainted with a few days, started badinage, began flirting with other men after him and soon left him. He didn't know what to do. "I don't understand it, doctor," he said, "there isn't anything these guys could do that I couldn't do as well or better. And when will I get these girls?"

The young man's dilemma was far from unusual. Most men, particularly young men, are convinced they are active gifts to women, but statistics prove otherwise. Six out of ten married women are dissatisfied with their husbands as lovers. Eight out of ten unmarried girls who have had others report that the arrangement was badly disappointing. Most of them say that they get no satisfaction whatever out of their sexual intercourse and complain that the men just didn't understand them and their needs, not as individuals so much, but as females of the human species.

Although women of the majority probably know more about women than the average American male, these statistics would indicate that, even so, there they fail of them—perhaps you yourself—don't know as much about women as they should and are not the expert lovers that they think they are.

So, before reading any farther, why don't you take the Love Test. Answer the questions honestly and then



Women, you've been told, like men who are sure of themselves—who take command of situations and know what they are doing. Do you fall into that category?

Count up your score. Later we'll see where you might have gone wrong.

LOVE TEST

Part 1

Count 3 points when the answer is "always," 2 when it is "usually," 1 when it is "only rarely" and give yourself no points when the answer is "never."

- 1) Do you bring her flowers and other little gifts?
- 2) Do you remember her birthday and your parents' anniversary?
- 3) Are you a gentleman—do you light her cigarette, help her with her coat, open doors for her, etc.?
- 4) Do you listen to her with interest when she has something to tell you?
- 5) Do you compliment her on her clothes, notice her new hairdo?
- 6) Do you make sure that you are always clean, neat and well groomed in her company?
- 7) Are you always well dressed when you kiss her?
- 8) Are you completely free and unashamed when you make love (ie are you ashamed of your body)?
- 9) Do you recognize and respect the fact that most women need more time and emotional and physical preparation to become passionate than the average man? Do you give her that time (or are you grossly impatient in your love play)?
- 10) When she is still aroused but you are tired, do you make an effort to comply with her desires?
- 11) Are you willing to go along when she feels like engaging in less sophisticated sex?
- 12) Do you tell her your deep inner-most secrets?
- 13) Do you respect her wishes when she does not want to—or is unable—to make love?
- 14) Can she be sure that you will live up to your responsibilities if your relationship results in conception?
- 15) If she is not your wife, do you make sure that no possible group (Continued on next page)



Does she cling to you, tell you that you're the only man in the world for her? If she doesn't, do you know why?

If you have her sitting out of your head—you rate, Pal.

about your relationship—can read her intentions?

- 16) Do you eliminate superfluous letters within the scope of normal, healthy love-making?
- 17) Do you make love to her at least twice a week and more than once on each occasion?
- 18) Do you start conversations about things you know she is interested in?
- 19) Are you sure in her friends' (including male friends)?
- 20) Do you take her out and show her a good time (as are you only interested in making love to her)?
- 21) Do you dress and act the way she'd like you to?
- 22) Do you use polite language in her company?
- 23) Are you persistent in keeping your dates with her?

Add your points and note them here.

Score I

Part II

Use the same three-point system as above, from 3 for "fairly" to 9 for "never."

- 1) Do you keep in her about your earlier love misadventures?
- 2) Do you "tell and tell" your friends about her?
- 3) Do you treat her as a "pharm" and, silly little woman? (as in an adult and related to her own age and with her own rights?)
- 4) Are you jealous and bitter about her earlier boyfriends?
- 5) Do you make a scene when you see her talking with other men?
- 6) Do you stop her from dancing with other men at parties?
- 7) Do you insist her take more deeply when your minds are united?
- 8) Does she have to pay for sex any when you're going out on the town together?
- 9) When you are with her are you always-minded, worrying about your job, business or other problems?
- 10) Do you insist that she drink wine when she does not feel like it?
- 11) Are you suspicious of her 100% pleasure even when she is tired and wants to rest?

Add your points and note them here.

Score II

Part III

Count 30 points for the correct "always," 15 points for "usually," 10 points for "only occasionally" and none for "never."

- 1) Do you drink so much that you are incoherent when she comes for love-making?
- 2) Do you feel it is necessary for her to be "high" before she will be intimate with you?
- 3) Do you insist on abnormal practices in your love-making?

Add your points and note them here.

Score III

Part IV

Count 30 points for "always," 10 points for "usually," 40 points for "only rarely," and none for "never."

Do you consider him in your sexual function as a male?

Score IV

Now ADD scores II, III and IV.

What is Score I

What is Score II

The difference gives you your Love Score

And here is how you rate as a lover:

67-80—you are the perfect lover.

57-66—you are almost perfect a little effort and you're got it made.

50-57—you are well above average and no woman has real cause to complain about you if she doesn't want you there is something wrong with her.

33-49—you are about average as a lover, not that this is anything to brag about.

15-32—you are below average and you should do something about it.

14 and below—your case is not hopeless, but if you want to find a healthy normal love life you should see a doctor or psychiatrist.

Did you ever have a disappointing score? If so, you should know why about women, for there is no reason why a head the male should not be a good lover.

The biggest difficulty most men have is that they are impatient in a love situation. They tend to rush in—rush into a woman's arms—rush into bed and soon under the covers they begin do nothing. Both are wrong.

A girl needs romance, fantasy, attention. She wants to be sure that the man adores and adores her, that he is willing to make sacrifices for her that to most men seem too far from just sex thrill. A man may get excited just looking at a girl, or even the picture of a girl. During the male fantasy figure—often only the expectation of seeing it as in a sleep dream—can make him physically ready for sex and contact. The promise of romance, a love not dream, a light shirt, your female flesh peering to burst from her and passion, any of these stimulants are enough to drive him wild with desire. But let a woman say this is not enough. She can look at a man, in revealing boxer shorts, and not give it a second thought, except maybe wondering if they are of nylon or cotton.

What a woman needs for sexual stimulation is body contact, kissing and petting, and before you get away that far, she has to like you as a person and to feel that you like her the same way. Don't ever get the idea from books, movies and TV that what, rough men are great lovers. Usually they don't get to first base. A girl wants to be talked to, desired, with, treated as a lady by a man with whom she is proud to be seen in public before she allows him to have her as private like like to be taken and he gives pleasure and joy, because she likes to go out and to have things, but because it pleases her that she is worth money to the man. She wants to be told that she is beautiful than her clothes are stunning, her taste excellent, her new hairdo divine and that her conversation is sparkling. In short, she wants to be admired—and courted as an equal at times.

Now admitting that you have done all the proper things and have been success about them, it's all much easier than, and the lady



Do you trust your woman as if she's the only one in the world? Are you sure enough of yourself not to get jealous if your gal goes out with another man? If the answers are yes, you are a lover.

is willing, or seems to be. Thus, if you are the most man, you'll start sharing your biggest mistakes.

After a few days of trying and mild comradely making, when the situation seems to be ripe—or for that matter on the night of the honeymoon—most men (curiously 75 per cent according to statistics) engage in the performance only once; there is no further resistance.

Thus is a big over. When love play has reached that point the girl may be willing to take you at her word but she is not yet ready to truly enjoy it. Most women, fortunately young women with relatively little sexual experience, need fore-making of intimacy is usually fit up to one hour before they are as excited as you were just seeing her in that clinging, transparent negligé. This takes pleasure, intellectual and a thorough understanding of the female nervous system. (There are any number of popular medical works that can enlighten you on the subject of responses when the areas of sexual desire, women have a lot more of them than most men think, and not always in the most obvious places either.)

BEST EVEN THAT is not enough. Women are just as concerned about what happens after making love as about what happened before or during. It takes her a lot

longer to come down. So, again, great lovers have always been experts also as what is known as "afterplay"—which, essentially, is pretty much the same as the foreplay except that it is more more gentle and should begin in serenity and the more affectionate and unselfish it is the better women like it. After play accomplishes two important goals: not only does it gratify the woman physically but it also assures her emotionally that her lover still loves her, and loves her every more, more than he has "lost his way" and enjoyed her intimacy.

Huxley's great lovers, like Don Juan, who had some 200 strong mistresses and more than twice as many brief affairs, have devoted pages in their memoirs to the pleasure they gave that women by treating them properly before and after and at the joys these happy women gave them in return.

But no matter how wonderfully you may have treated the girl if your love affair you will do not take as a lover if you can't keep her happy and bring out of your blood.

IF COME WITHOUT saying that each successful sexual contact should be approached with the same care, consideration, and consideration as the first, this goes without saying as have gone on beyond

most lovers quickly enough that these days pay is greater when they work at satisfying the girl instead of themselves. And that isn't enough either. There is more to life than sex and sex.

For one thing, satisfying lovers share other experiences with their wives and mistresses. They go to shows together and to ballrooms together, dances, restaurants. And at all these occasions great lovers treat their women as if there were no other women in the world. But at the same time they don't mind if they women talk to other men or dance with them. They are so sure of themselves they don't have to be jealous. They know that they are "bigger men."

And large great lovers may write poems but they never talk about their loves. They know what happens between lovers is nobody else's business and that women, particularly are convinced that this joy is best when it is not shared in the conversation.

WHILE YOU HAVE TAKEN the love test. Take it again after putting into the action these simple rules, and you'll find that your woman's love. There may be just one little problem: how to get you really love the girl because she'll never let you go. That's one difficulty the great lovers have had since the dawn of history. **♦♦**

THE HEADCHOPPER OF EL MAKDECH

By TONY BOROSON

EDITOR'S Note: Anthony Boroson, an American officer in battle, has lived an exciting and full life in North Africa. Being able to speak a good many of the native dialects, as well as being distinguished, he has often been mentioned by an Arab friend who said he is highly honored whenever he goes for the British and American forces.

YOU cross a rubber tree, the water lapped against the rubber butt of my foot and the butt in turn dipped into the water. Behind me the car, now empty, sat. It had brought us here and now it was going back to the safety of the darkness of the night and the water below. Ahead of us lay the sandy beach, just a couple of miles north of El Makdech. We were coming it from the Mediterranean and looking on the coast of North Africa behind the lines of Montgomery's Afrika Korps.

I looked ahead, into the hills that rose gently behind the sandy shore. There was no sign of the working beach yet that we were supposed to get from our Arab friend. For a moment I had a sinking feeling in the pit of my stomach. What if the car had stopped wrong—and dropped us off at the wrong point and there was no beach making us able to move on?

For a brief moment I speculated on the fate of my friends in the rubber boat with me. None of them could pass for an Arab as I could. On the other side the sea sandy beach, blue-eyed Bill Hammon, in a commando uniform as I was, lay, with the deadly glint of a knife he was capable of inflicting with and awful death. The other two occupants of the boat were both women. They were both in their early twenties, nearly shaped, with most favored faces. We knew them as Marie and Alice. They were intelligent, speaking French, English, and German fluently. They were tight lipped females, had kept much to themselves about the war, and we knew little of their backgrounds. Only that they were as hard as nails and quite capable of performing the dangerous missions in which we were taking them.

And that dangerous mission was simple: that is, make our way into El Makdech where the Afrika Korps had one of its lesser defense headquarters and a military hospital. In that hospital was a British war officer who had been wounded and taken prisoner in battle. That was General Craig Owen—a whose friend was taking some of Montgomery's most secret plans for his attack on the Afrika Korps in the desert. After we had, on with Eisenhower, Mark Allen and Marie, had German naval assistance with Capt. Their job was to get word to the hospital to which we were to take them. They were to find General Owen and either attempt to rescue him or to kill him, and send his tale from the Germans who, as yet, did not know what kind of a prize they had captured.

FOR THAT moment I forget my friends in the boat with me. I concentrated on the dark shore ahead, getting steadily to the working light that would let me know my Arab friend was waiting for me. And then suddenly came the blow that revealed we had been betrayed by the Arab who was supposed to meet us and guide us into the beach.

A hail of Schmeisser automatic fire ripped out across the beach that separated us from the shore. It stopped into the water all around us, making out our bodies and the thin rubber skin of the boat. A dozen shots cut into the rubber boat and she started to deliver almost immediately.

We huddled in the car. The boat was under weighed down by our automatic rifle, grenades, and plastic explosives. We found ourselves crumpling in washing water, struggling to maintain our footing. There was nothing we could do but continue on into shore, soaked to the skin, without even, debilitation, the boats led to the shore.

We stumbled onto shore. The German and the Arab were waiting for us. The German took us very big prize in their hands. (Continued on next page)

Deprived of food and water, tortured almost to the point of madness, the women still withheld the information the enemy wanted—even the fearsome threat of the headman's axe couldn't make them talk.



"Kill us," the girl screamed. "Let it over with, only stop torturing us!"



"You will talk, or I will kill you," the Nazi yelled. "He neither how much I desire you, I'll kill you if you don't."

They passed at the girls, taking their hands from them and opening them up. Then German Army cars were pulled out on the road.

"What are these for?" a kid asked aloud.

The girls shook their heads. They said nothing. This seemed to irritate the German men more. A wicked light glimmered in his eyes. He looked like Schmeisser pointed to one of his squad. He bowed cautiously to Maria and Alois. "Thank me to show you the way," he said sarcastically.

Tom Gernage was a big, heavy-chested man. He started the girls forward. Then stopped behind Maria and shook out his foot, tripping her and stopping her speaking on the road. The German leaped on her, crying out, "You were trying to escape!" The other Nazis laughed as his hands passed at the soft curves of her body. He was twisting her out, looking at her. Maria hit his leg but German legs walked freely as wet leaves at her mouth. Maria fought her desperately and silently, searching and clawing at him.

Bill Hammond, my English friend, could take the unexpected struggle no longer. He suddenly lunged at the German. He got two wraps when he was suddenly strangled over the back of the head by one of the Germans. He was knocked sprawling, the blood from his head would seep into the

road.

I kept a tight grip on myself. The time was not yet ready for a fight. Maria, her clothes were too heavy, half-undressed her skirt, up around her thighs by pulling her tail in the road.

Maria and Alois were taken away by the German squad. "You will be taught manners by God and Wolf himself," the kid yelled and then "We will make you talk about your mother."

We were looked up a hill by two Germans and the Arabs. We were ordered into the back of an open truck and knocked down on the rough wooden planks that made its floor. Our hands and feet were tied with rope. One German remained at the back with us, armed with a Schmeisser to guard us, while the other German got into the cab to drive the truck and the Arabs sat beside him.

The truck picked up speed as it went down the road. The German with us stood near the tail gate and brandied. Finally he came over to us, each separately in our mouths, and lit them. The momentary flash of light had almost blinded me. I watched the German closely as he straddled up to strike a fresh match for his own cigarette. When it was lit and he was bringing it close to his face I knew that he could see nothing past the end of the cone of light. The Schmeisser was resting on the floor on its stock, leaning against his knee. I stretched up my legs

and looked out. I caught the German in the green. He grunted and jerked backward, his knees shook, my against the seatbelt. His movements were fast, quick, and his arms moved dramatically. He probed and over the tailgate, unbalanced at the air and tumbled down with a thud on his head. He was soon lost to sight to us.

Now we could do something about our plight. We started working the ropes around the tied and metal that held the sides of the truck. In a few minutes we had the ropes loosed enough to break it by pulling pressure against it. We got our hands free and then untied the ropes around our ankles.

I pulled up the Schmeisser and swung and pulled it through the tail window against the back of the head of the German who was driving the truck. The truck ground to a halt. We got down and pulled the German and the Arab out of the cab. We tied the German hand and foot and then slammed him down on the floor of the cab.

We took the Arab out into the desert. Hammond took a razor sharp knife out of the folds of the Arab's garment and put the blade of the knife against the Arab's throat.

"Where were the girls taken?" "To the white building. The Arab spoke rapidly. At the edge of camp. Near close to the hospital. The hospital is the biggest building at the town of El Bida-ah."

Hammond gently moved the rough the Arab's neck and his papery skin and then jammed back out at the way at the blood spurted forth. The Arab sank down on his knees and begged us to make the flow stop. We watched him, he said pathos on his face. "Please to stop!" Hammond said. We turned our backs and disappeared back to the truck.

We went upstairs with a Schmeisser now. We forced the truck around and drove back to the beach. We walked up to our machine rubber band and sprayed and played explosives and grenades. We decided to leave our automatic weapons on the beach, where the enemy might have gotten into the armor or the sand landed the mechanism. We would rely on the Schmeisser. And the plan to explode would go all over

The gypsy was doing something unspeakably horrible to him.

madmen, funny movements, who without good reason, when asked pointing to the ground. Gypsies usually were men whose domestic systems had been destroyed by alcohol, but this one was too young for that. Maybe his whole life! Well, that was interesting to a degree, and the freak show owner was not concerned when the gypsy had observed the crowd. If he had known that but a few hours earlier the gyps had been a looking of slightly drunk young men by the name of Jacques Demy, he could not have acted less.

THE DISAPPEARANCE OF Jacques Demy caused little excitement in Egypt. Young men often disappeared when they are killed by their fathers. Perhaps, his friends thought, he had gone off to fight in Algeria. Within a week, Jacques was forgotten by every one except his parents.

The carnival had gone on to Hama where the new gyps was a big success. Nobody who watch of his sides knew that Jacques was completely conscious of what he was doing but that he could not help it. The gyps also remembered what had happened that night in the gypsy wagon, and when he thought of a gyps were called from his eyes and to whisper, and the people who watched him thought he was very funny and they laughed.

What had happened was that, after showing what he had and a bottle of this, strange gypsy was, he had follow many people that lovely gypsies girl watched only against the whimsy of her pale skin, and then he had half-whis-

pered, those in the tent, in that alarming state of suspending between reality and dream.

He had thought his eyes were open, but he was not sure. He tried to move, but could not bridge his happy looks. The gypsy, still dark but not so pretty now, was looking over him, an expression of intense concentration on his face. In his right hand, she held a long, yellow needle.

She raised her eyes on his shoulders. He tried to resist, but could not. And then he felt painful pressure on his spine, sharp pain, well-known that a careful probing of his fingers for the proper place. Jacques did not know enough, after some medical science or about old Houdy-Gypsy him, to understand that the gypsy was methodically disrupting his central nervous system by breaking nerve centers in a systematic control system. Following old tribal knowledge passed on from generation to generation, she was reducing him from man to beast, reducing him forever and severely susceptible of construction his system beyond the bare minimum of immediate survival. Furthermore, she was hurting him in such a way he had turned white and that he would forever make those gypsie comments that look show such a great big hairy in gyps. Jacques did not know any of this, he only knew that the gypsy was doing something unspeakably terrible to him.

When she was finished, she squeezed off his blood, draped him in rope and propped him helplessly into the chair. He watched her as, with silent aplomb, she withdrew

and gender, she changed from a young woman into an ugly old hag.

"You don't think it was worth it," she smiled, as she led him from the wagon. "Well, now has to pay for everything in his own way or another, and you will regret you didn't have any money."

Jacques groined, rolled his eyes, whispered, and blinked his head against his knees.

And the gypsy smiled.

Jacques Demy, who disappeared from Egypt on Sept. 30, 1956, was not the gypsy's first victim. Ever since 1944, young men had been disappearing from small towns all over Europe—in France, Germany, Belgium, Spain, Italy and Austria—and their disappearances were duly recorded in local police files and forgotten. The look shows of Europe's many traveling carnivals, circuses, were well supplied with goods of all manners. There was a steady demand too, for gyps did not live very long. Thus, ten years in the most.

But the fact that gyps were on the increase—especially that so many of them were young men, prominently haired, white-skinned in the situation of Jean Maréchal's handsome, hard-lined photo of him in the famous (International Police Agency's) criminal division who kept his eyes on similar victims because they also crossed international borders.

He became interested in the phenomenon, and when he could not convince any of his superiors that the subject was of importance, he pursued it in his spare time. Over the years, he dug up all the facts he could on gyps, for supplying a little present, he learned from local show owners that many of the gyps had been purchased from parents, and he began to study gypsy customs and to chart their upward path when had disappeared. He came up with some 17 interesting conclusions: there was always a lone gypsy woman, there was always a traveling carnival nearby, there was usually always a new, white-haired gyps.

Hege Maréchal narrowed his search, keeping careful notes in his diary at the time, and on June 10, 1956, after obtaining a few days leave from his office in Geneva, Switzerland, he went home, packed his bag and wrote "I am going to Paris in Italy where everyone from all over the world are now holding a big prize meeting

The gypsy girl looked at him knowingly. "Come in," she said. "You are welcome."



As it happens, Mason's Thruway Memo is as far from the mark for a week's engagement. If my computers are correct, the results of my trip should be extensive and substantial."

It turned out that they were the same interesting Hans Borge. Borge never had married.

IT WAS LATE AT NIGHT, and there I was struggling toward the sea where the typhoon had pushed these survivors. There were dozens of these old-fashioned, severely decorated veterans in the field and many younger kind much more natural even than most people would suspect, most of them had retired for the night and the field lay about under the stars. The only sounds were those that came down from the invading, unrelenting ceiling, and as I kept groping among the survivors, looking for the know not what to suddenly heard a hoarse, hoarse voice singing a sad, dying song. He was injured and clapped a hand to the wound from where the wounds came. A weak light came through the soldier's open chest and he could not resist clanking to a cotterly box stand that had been left conveniently nearby and pouring on the victim's wound. The stand collapsed under his weight, he crashed to the ground.

As he started humming off, the window opened, and a beautiful young girl looked out and smiled at him. She wore a robe of vibrant translucent silk, which she had not bothered to close together over her breasts.

"Fish pie," she said, smiling. "Haven't you a little interest of your own?" he booped like a little boy. "Why didn't you knock on the door like a man?"

"I've only been selling," George said, "but I've been selling."

"Do you want me to sing for you?" the lovely gypsy asked him and didn't wait for the answer which was written on her face. "Come on," she said. "The dance is over."

The song mildly in tone as he entered, striding before him self-founded and beautiful and as he stopped alone, stopped by the peeling black in her dark, square-set eyes, she dropped the robe from her shoulders and flung her veil in his arms. He fell with the detective work he thought, these long days that tomorrow, but a woman like that doesn't come your way every day. And he devoted himself to the subject at hand, a subject in which the heart

These groups were not statistically different from each other.

THAT FIRST DAY, THE French boat of Monsieur Trembling Shore had a new guide who was a big success because the dogs are better in the snow and running at his own shoulders with a vigorous bounce, a most peculiar gait which provided with pleasure when he walked the overboard. And four days after that, Serge Mironovitch appeared at Geneva, decided the dogs was definitely missing and that something must have happened to him. They went to the spot where he caught the dogs, and found his share.

There was no doubt in the minds of the officers that the system was responsible for his disappearance. Local witnesses also told that a man of his description had been just seen among the grey wagons, and word went out to police everywhere. Crash down on the tycoon. Arrest them. Make them talk. Part of the strategy.

The next steps were quick and simple to respond. Gypses were pulled for their, production on various occasions rapidly at an without issue. Several gypses were told "while trying to escape" Their life altogether was being made miserable that some of the gypses would talk. Some would admit that they knew something about the disappearance of the gypses. They stuck together in a closed corporation but that didn't mean they didn't know what had happened.

A two-day, 12th-anniversary meeting was held by a coalition of Indian tribes tonight, across nearly 500 miles, and a few hours later there was a sharp knock on the door of the mansion where poppy producer Hando Fajana lived alone. As usual, when the son and otherwise unemployed, Hando was probably counting his sheep.

Finally, she thrust the balls on her the mattress and opened the door.

Power and Love: *gratuitous* *gratuitous* *gratuitous*

"What do you want?" she said.
"Leave me alone. I am tired and want to go to sleep."

The man stood looking. The teacher gave a signal. The man stepped forward. The girl, beginning to smile, said that she was not a literary man, should back.

"What do you want?" she said
 sweetly. "I'd like to be a nurse."

Stage Indices

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usually.

Two men stepped around her and held her arms.

"You know what we want," the leader, an old man, said. "We suppose don't mind a little smoking. We cannot make a living the way most people do. We are not permitted to. But we are simple people. We want no more than we must to survive. But you because of your greed have been responsible for the much misery and even death, among our people."

"I want to do it again," she asserted. "I promise."

The old man shook his head. "No," he said. "We have decided you must be punished. We promise do not believe in killing, but you are not fit to live as a human being."

"What are you going to do to me?" she asked, sobbing.

"You do not need to ask," the old man said. "You know."

One of the men ripped off her clothes as the others held her.

"Look at my body all of you," she cried. "It is mine. It is sold. Use it as it should be used. Do please."

The men saw and touched her, but they paid no attention to the temptations she offered and they touched her as men touch an evil, disgusting thing. They threw the girl to her feet face down, and the old man, who was less fitted, had taken as his prize as he laypr over her, a long whitea bundle at his hand.

THE NEXT DAY, up in the little town of Beech Mountain, Tennessee, Shown brought another pack. An old, well-known guide delivered the creature. Naturally, a fresh collection had use for no more than one pack of a kind. But this one was most unusual. It was a girl with a fairly figure and female graces, especially away from the almost universal of The look. She was paid on some high price, which, when added to the money Shown had water her mistress was enough to help out the firm. She was paid that their first-best part in the recent police crackdown.

The female pack shivered slightly when she was thrown into a cage together with the other girls. When he saw her he became terribly excited and started growling on his arms, biting deep and drawing much blood. Then they took to the window on the floor of the cage and stared stupidly at each other, shivering and moving.

THE ADMIRABLE SNOW-WOMAN OF MT. RADHINATH

Continued from page 12

And I was at the top of the rope, with Lisa and then Grace and Beverfield beneath me. Only if I could maintain my balance could I prevent the doctor's heavy weight from dragging me down with him. I pushed my feet into one of the holes which James had cut into the rock and braced myself. I never felt as helpless as my life, "Try to swing back, down, or, well, all right," I cried to him. But his body swung like a pendulum in the midst of space. And far below was nothing but air—dead air as James had put with earlier. "Go something!" Lisa cried. She was becoming hysterical, watching poor Beverfield teeter helplessly like a weathercock on a stormy pinnacle in a sharp wind. Suddenly, Grace moved to assist. With his free hand, he pulled out the sharp Nepalese knife he always carried at his and before either Lisa or I could cry out for him to stop, he climbed the rope which bound Beverfield to the three of us. The doctor's cry, when he saw what Grace was doing, was just a faint sound. Then, with a curious look as he saw the rope part, he plummeted down, wobbling from side getting rock to another as he fell. Within moments, we saw him hang with a stomach-aching thud in the snow a hundred feet below. From where we were clinging, we could see the gray matter come out of his skull and form a pool of crimson blood in the white snow. Lisa screamed and she seemed as shaken by the sight that I feared she would lose her footing, too, and carry us all to our death. I had to do something. She was close enough to reach me for me to take my free foot and step down, hand on her shoulder with the hand of my foot. The step paid brought her to her senses. "Oh, Errol," she cried. "Doc is dead." But we were still alive.

WHEN WE FINALLY REACHED the ledge at the top of the cliff, I noticed to find Grace still alive. Logically, he had done the



only thing possible when he cut Beverfield loose. My duty, in, he saved our lives and yet somehow it didn't seem right to me. And then when I looked closely into his face, I saw a haunting smile which made me want to kill him on the spot. He did not return my angry look, but began staring with wild, vacant eyes at Lisa. It wasn't hard to guess what was running through his mind.

"You see?" I asked, and I would have broken his neck then and there had not Lisa suddenly shouted "Stop all looks over here! Those leopards in the snow!"

Over to the right of the wide ledge I saw the strange leopards to which she was pointing. Clearly visible was the impress of five feet two and the feet which had made them could not have been any larger to me than Lisa's, so small and small was she made.

Following the prints with my eyes, I saw that they were toward the other end of the ledge, toward the peak above and that they were marked in their direction by another set of prints made by the heavy spiked foot of a climber. "These must be James's prints!" I cried. "Look how the two sets of prints come together near the edge—and yet only James fell over. When could have made those other footprints? They look like the prints of a woman going backward," I said.

But I was sure they were made by some kind of animal. It had to be a human foot would leave as a mark in the snow.

But then my thoughts were brought to an abrupt halt by suddenly, Grace cried out. "It is the work of the girl and girl! We are lost! But the white woman will be more before I die!" With that single Grace drew her knife again and began to advance toward me. Even in the terror he knew he would have to get out of my before he could come near Lisa. But his sudden attack had caught me unaware. I had nothing to defend myself with, the only weap-

and I had were in my back standing near the ledge where I had put it down before I leaped against the wall of rocks behind me and reached myself to doles for stones, hoping that I could push him backwards over the precipice if he attacked me. But there was no stone a hand's length for that. He didn't push me. He jabbed at me but I ducked. The next ledge of his blade covered the window of my right ear and I wincd in pain. Lase screamed when she saw the third gash deep on my neck.

"I cut you to pieces—slow," Ozone bawled vociferously and he moved as he slunked at me again, but I managed to keep out of range. "Kwan—kwan!" Lase wined and suddenly the sharp spike of my pistol was thrust into my hand. The fight was now evened.

Dodging his next lunge I lunged into him with the point of the spike. It caught him full in the ribs, smashing them as the shattering bones. He twisted in pain and fell to his knees, but I wasn't through with him yet. Using the sharp edge of the point I slit open his right cheek, tearing away the skin I watched with pleasure as the blood dripped down his nose and jaws. There was nothing he could do to fight back now, the point had paralyzed him and I meant to make it even worse for him.

"I'm going to kill you!" I cried. I placed the point of the pistol on the top of his skull and saw as it was about to sink in full into his brain, he roared again—"The evil that is at all the evil does it!" Yoww yoww has strength. Somehow he pulled himself at the ground and ran. I started to follow but before I could move, I saw him try to get on the ledge. He did not even scream as he fell over the edge.

I heard the thud of his body as it crashed with the ground far below. Say I did not even feel a ripple of pity in the excitement of the fight I had forgotten about my striped tunic. But now that it was over I felt a burning as though someone had pumled me as if Lase rushed over to me and began screaming to the bloody sky. She was shivering and despite the pain, she sobed much of her fingers trembled out of something she I wanted. I clutched her to me and that time, she didn't resist. I caught the upper of her pants and ran my hands under

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HELL IN A BLUE SKINI

(continued from page 35)



momentum required in the last step of the Florida run. When she noticed, her everyone else were on her feet and her position between them was made the blue cloth of her bikini top.

It didn't bother me that she was not alone.

The guy she was with was a big one of a man. I recognized him from one of the college football players—a tackle on one of the larger university teams. He didn't take a guess to tell that she was based at hell with the man.

She sat down a few feet away from me. We walked to each other, getting acquainted with our eyes while her secret showed.

I moved over under the top of them and held out a pack of cigarettes. The girl took one while the athlete shook his head. "No," he said. "We started talking—Don, I mean—and I began talking that in the guy was out of it, he didn't leave it, yet, but he'd already lost."

I could see her two getting mad and working hard up to do something about it. The girl could see it too, but she didn't care. That was the sort of blood who liked to have two guys fight over her.

I decided to keep things to a head. I wanted her done and I wanted her in a hurry. I figured I'd wanted enough men getting together in small talk.

I suggested that we have dinner together that night and the girl agreed.

"Big, was a guess," she big man and "I thought we had a date, tonight."

The girl shrugged and turned her back to him. I have never seen the breath-off delivered more eloquently in my life.

The big man's eyes turned through him. He called me a name, then another.

I got to my feet and he came after me. He was bigger and stronger than I, but I had one great advantage. I'd known we were going to meet at the other time, whereas the dream had just dawned in his thick skull. I'd

already decided how I was going to fight him, while he was simply relying on his size and his strength.

The fight was short and sharp. He led with a combination right that would have tipped my head from my shoulders had it landed. I dodged and countered with a jabs chop between her short ribs. He grunted and stopped back, but it would have taken more than that to stop him. The muscles of his body moved out like iron bands as he came at the other man, his arms up to reach me in a last leap.

I'd been practically dead on before I brought my knee up hard, getting him in a spot where his muscles did not protect him. His knee turned green and swelled with pain as he slumped over in shock at his groin. I brought my fist up as a punch to his Adam's apple and he collapsed on the ground.

I looked down at him, laughing like hell. He looked like a damn clown, burning and with my at the end. Big man I could have pulled off his pants in front of his target friend and there wouldn't have been a thing he could have done about it.

Her eyes were shining. The big man's agony worked him. She caught my arm, her body pressed itself against mine, her lips closed together.

She stopped every, but she kept saying "I like a man who can take care of himself," she said.

There was no need for any more conversation. Back of us knew what the other was thinking. That suggested that we go to her place and I followed her off the beach.

Don lived in a little cottage about a half mile away. We stopped outside the door and stared longingly at each other. She held her arms up to me and I went in. My lips closed both on her mouth—the same lightness around the and our bodies locked together.

LATER, DON ASKED me what I was doing at work. I told her

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The Waves we Swallowed gave us a happy feeling.

about the four of us decided to go south for the spring vacation, and somewhere, before I was sent off, she arranged for all of us to have a party the following night. She could get hold of some special delicacies and we could all get drunk. "It's a better drink than liquor," she said.

I agreed. I was big. I'd been a little parties before. They should go on at these parties people get out of themselves and become like that. That felt sure being and every man became a Day Jack.

"Why are tonight?" I suggested. "Tonight we make it alone."

I didn't get back to the hotel more than the four of us stayed until the following morning. The ship sailed me where I'd been. I'd found a girl I told them a really wayout girl. The one I'd come down here to find.

They asked when they could meet her and I said that night. "Get your ladies and we'll have a beach party," I said. "They know a deserted section of beach where no one will bother us. Get your girls and we'll have the wildest party you ever had."

The guys wanted to go for it. I asked them if their girls were chaperons. They all looked a little nervous but then they said they were. Even if they weren't, though, I knew they'd never admit that to me. No guy will admit he's been a timer then the next morning.

I glanced to myself. I'd really had the girls trained.

That night we met on the beach. Dan and I and the six of them. Dave and Freddie had brought along their surfboards and Mike was carrying a bottle of blended whiskey. "Just to help the night along," he said.

I walked to Dan. I knew that the little packet of cigarettes she had at her beach bag were not any of the advertised brands. I said, "Five" to Mike and told him that when we ran out of that, Dan and I would come up with something even better.

I looked over the three girls. They were good enough. Mike's girl, Betty Tinsdale, was wearing a flaky red swim suit, while the other two had no swimmers outside. They all seemed a little taken aback with Dan's amateur figure and the larceny of her bikini.

We let the new ladies slide down our palms until we got a

happy feeling. We went in for a swim as the waves and came back and drank some more.

Statue. Betty and I were left alone for a few minutes. We both took a lot of liquor and I put my arm around her waist and drew her to me. She didn't seem to mind.

As we lay down I saw that the waves had all come back.

Mike took a missing step towards the bar. I pulled away and moved my right hand to a picture of peace and he stopped. Dan had something about and nearly to the girl who glared back at her.

I was feeling good about it. But was my woman, all right, but it didn't last to keep her off-balance a little.

We had another drink and the game was over. That was when Dan reached for the rafters. She let one and started passing it around. I missed deeply. The marijuana seemed to swirl inside my head-things and up inside my nose. It made me feel tremendous with strength and power—no thought I could do anything in the world. I ever thought of doing and nothing would or could happen to me.

I passed it up to Dave. He shouldered and forced himself to smoke it, so did Mike and Fred. They weren't going to seem drunk as in front of the

There it was the girl's turn, and Betty laid it first. She looked at the water for a long time before placing it in her lips. Then she studied, opened, closed and stopped before giving a little cry and clucking the cigarette out vigorously in the sand.

All at once glared at her black-eyed. She stood up, her chest heaving and her eyes blazing as though she'd just realized what she'd gotten herself into. She looked at Dan and me with disgust and told us off. We were stupid, she said, because enough who were trying to ruin the lives of us decent people.

I shrugged at her. To me she was just a little broad who had started out for a little smoking house and was now suddenly discovered that the world had more at it than she thought.

She was going home she said, and if the other girls didn't come with her she would report what we were doing to the police.

That did it. My door was going to threaten. I'd Mike and

get away with it.

I started to get lost, but Dan was quicker and. "You're not telling anybody anything," she said as a suggestive smile.

"Oh, no?" Betty started to leave, but Dan caught her by the hair and threw her to the ground.

Mike and the others started to go home in a hurry. I had them back. Let the others fight for a while maybe they'd get to see a show.

The world was suddenly funny again. I was roaring with laughter and encouraged Dan giving her away and more explicit advice.

But the two girls were gone at it in dead earnest. They were rolling on the beach clapping and gasping at each other, trying to risk some at each other's eyes. Dan got a taste at Betty's stomach. Betty managed to push down the top of Dan's bikini and went after her where she was exposed.

Don showed us and rolled away. She got to her feet. Betty came after her, but Dan met her with a knee in the groin. Betty doubled up helplessly and made to the ground.

But Dan was still furious. She looked over the other girl, snarled the red bikini out and picked it off her.

Betty was completely beaten. She lay flat on her back, trying to hold herself and begging Dan to give her back the suit.

After a while I figured we'd won enough and I made her do it. Betty pulled the suit back on and Dan threatened her too.

But Dan still wasn't satisfied. "I don't think that damn has learned her lesson yet," she said.

I stared hard at Betty. She was sitting on the sand holding on to her bikini and it thought she was afraid that it would be snatched from her again. I hated to admit it but Dan did have a point. I wouldn't get it past the beach to call copper even now.

Dan suggested that perhaps we should show her what would happen if she ever did speak. We could tie her to one of the surfboards and take her out to the water.

Betty started crying and looking helplessly at Mike.

"Leave her alone," he said. "You've done what you wanted to now leave her alone."

I put laughter at him. He was not telling me what to do and he knew it.





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MY NINE NIGHTS OF NAKED TERROR

continued from page 22

but any further delay might endanger my safety by further sweeping rape who knew I'd also appeared in the reality show. When Madison Mander—her name was Adele Mander—came as I told her "You've been such a great hostess, I have to pull out, but I got business that can't wait any longer. If you'll get me my belongings—"

"Are you sure you can't stay? We tried to give you a wonderful room."

"You gave me the greatest, but when you come go. That little black bag I had when I showed up. I don't see it around I want it."

She was handing over my coat, the black maudlin looking in her powerful face, her eyes like of someone far more a being that large. "You just was located in the furnace. That little black bag filled with \$24,000 in time and pain. My AJ Mander, are my present."

MY NEXT MORNING, I felt worse than my last, my last night with someone of class. "How — how did you know?" I managed to stammer in a voice that was unfamiliar to me.

"There was a copy in the newspaper. The night magazine gave a fairly accurate description of you, and the information in your wallet provided the rest."

"You must have run over to the cops?" She shook her head slowly. "You must have a deal, is that it?" Again a shake of her head.

"I don't have to make a deal, what I had all the time."

"Then what did you want?"

"You weren't listening very well when I said, you're my present. You mean—my very own?"

She walked out of the room with the springy step of an old lady. My heart stopped a beat when I heard the key turn in the lock. I rushed to the window. I'd never realized that made my entry, it had been barred. In my frantic escape from the police, I'd locked from the flying pan into

the fire, I'd been relying—my thought had been matched—I couldn't escape in my birthday suit, and even if I managed to slip through the front door I'd have the law on my tail. I was cornered, trapped, but where? What kind of a place was this with a door, long-stemmed American, broken, who leaped around all day pestering themselves, answering the phone to make appointments, never taking out of their working clothes?

Working clothes? That was it. Why hadn't I thought of it before? It was so obviously a top house, much in the style of Toledo Street and I was so prepared. Any other time it might have been a dream come true but that—this was a nightmare!

WITHIN A WEEK, I was reduced to nothing more than an animal used for training. And Madison made it very clear that her male she wanted me. All the girls were desirable, they had great bodies that were trained for work, and as much as her pragmatic business profiled her the betterly remained the fact that she herself couldn't have a man. All the partying anger, the pressure that had been building for so long she unleashed on me in total want of love. She was broken and demanding in her obsession. When I grew tired with her she used training methods to stimulate my own desire. Her maudlin wanted her to perform all sorts of surprising gymnastics.

And she made sure I was always well liked and in good favor. She ordered the brought me the best food, the classical music and liquor. Once in a while she gave me up with a typo. She installed a TV set, a radio and a sun lamp. I was the most pampered pet in the world.

And yet when I heard male voices passing outside my room, I wanted to scream. "You Gals, take, help me, somebody! Get me out of here! Please! But instead, I lay there, shivering, pale, shudder-shuddered, putting on hollow desperation.

At last I thought the other girls might come to my rescue. I figured all wrong. As if they didn't have all the loving they wanted they came to the lot in. Even through me, they could get back at Madison Adele. To her loss, they were in a just house, sharing a four-employee re-



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| <input type="checkbox"/> 40 Girls Only "TANYA BEACH" | <input type="checkbox"/> 80 Girls Only "TANYA BEACH" |

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¹⁰ "I don't know, I don't know if you're not going to be able to."

and, because the dead almost always

We headed the bottled milk out of the cellar room and across the yard to the truck. My English friend stayed with those while I asked the man that appeared on foot the hospital. There was still the money to accomplish and there was nothing to

THERE WAS NO ENTRY ON duty at the side entrance of the hospital. The hallways were dark. I dodged several nurses by dodging into hall closets and then entered one of the wards that was crisscrossed with rows of beds. I covered the way used by the nurse.

Over all, the many wonderful memories we have had.

General Drug Data: 1 other

He stretched his head and I moved to the side of his bed. He studied my mammography machine carefully, and then smiled weakly. "I've managed to control my attention to let," he said. But they now found he had not noticed the tumor.

"The reason for taking your oath,"

"No I will intend to death on the way" he said. "I have a very substantial wound I would only die now up." He pulled back the shirt and showed me the big lacerations and showed me the big bandage over the middle and lower portion of his torso. I saw a man that it would be impossible to move him.

"Just show me a prisoner" the general said. "Well, make me the German; don't get any better marks than me, and I will die."

1998, 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648, 2649, 2650, 2651, 2652, 2653, 2654, 2655, 2656, 2657, 2658, 2659, 2660, 2661, 2662, 2663, 2664, 2665, 2666, 2667, 2668, 2669, 2670, 2671, 2672, 2673, 2674, 2675, 2676, 2677, 2678, 2679, 26

I THOUGHT HIM THE grumpy. That was his own decision to make. He placed the grumpy against his chest over his heart, and then cracked him larger through the grill-rug. "I will give you five minutes to get out," he said, "before I pull the pin and blow myself into oblivion."

I pointed out of the hospital made it down the walk, and got into the truck with Hammond and the girls. The motor coughed a few times and then turned over. We were still and moving at top speed down the road with a minute to spare. We got about a hundred yards outside the edge of town when we heard the grenade explosion and knew the patrol had blown its way out and rushed to the rear.

We rode out to the beach and divided the work. Then we waited and waited out the hour or so before dawn for the mob to come in and pick us up. Finally we saw it walking by and started to run out. Hambrick and I supported Adams whose legs were broken and could barely move.

His way to the ship he went
and by a soldier boat they had put
out. We lowered the girls aboard
and held on to the ropes along the
sides while the boat was rowed
back to the ship. And then we
launched and went down the coast-
ing. Some says the ship started to
sink the day for us as one of the
men's bloods. Behind the house
there—was that was never told
until now.

[illegible][illegible]

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our delay in keeping the same known methodology. In later ages of the conducted job, the same man (first-ranking age of 30), experienced and tested

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[illegible]

There's still a balance, with the cost of this sophisticated new technology being spread across the globe as companies like Intel and AMD make their way into the market.

RESEARCH DESIGN

This completely revised and updated manual, based on many different methods developed by Professor Thompson at Penn Institute, shows you how to master every type of mathematical problem you may encounter, from the simple to the complex. You start with a review of simple math, including the use of your calculator, and

special case of more serious, or *discrete* diarrhea — the absence of lumps and of overabundant, thin, red, flattened strips of mucus, caused by acute inflammation of the deeper layers of the large intestine.

1. **Introduction**
 2. **Background**
 3. **Methodology**
 4. **Results**
 5. **Conclusion**
 6. **References**

Without a working knowledge of algebra, trigonometry, and geometry, even the most capable man can be left behind while most who know mathematics are quickly reconverted and surge ahead to higher mathematical levels.

The first collection is the 1981 book, *Working the Night Shift*. The first two, on business and manufacturing and developmental psychology, are out of the hard pack — better psychology than you ever dreamed of.

[illegible]

Keywords: child sexual abuse; disclosure; legal system; police; social workers

[illegible]

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Education: After earning his law degree from the University of California, Hastings College of the Law, in San Francisco, he worked for the U.S. District Court in San Francisco. He then worked for the U.S. Attorney General's Office in San Francisco. He then worked for the U.S. Attorney General's Office in San Francisco.

RESEARCH *Continuing research* shows that the use of the word "and" in a sentence can lead to a more positive attitude towards the product being advertised. The researchers found that the use of the word "and" in a sentence can lead to a more positive attitude towards the product being advertised. The researchers found that the use of the word "and" in a sentence can lead to a more positive attitude towards the product being advertised.

WALL-TO-WALL NEWS The company, which is based in New York City, is planning to launch a new line of clothing in the fall. The line will be called "Wall-to-Wall News" and will feature a variety of styles, including casual wear, business casual, and formal wear. The company is also planning to launch a new line of shoes in the fall. The line will be called "Wall-to-Wall News" and will feature a variety of styles, including casual wear, business casual, and formal wear.

Abstract 20. *Pharmacokinetic-pharmacodynamic model for the treatment of patients with severe depression. The model was developed using data from a clinical trial. The model was used to predict the response of patients to treatment with a fixed dose of a drug. The model was used to predict the response of patients to treatment with a fixed dose of a drug. The model was used to predict the response of patients to treatment with a fixed dose of a drug.*

FOR THE NEW YORK COUNTY JUDICIAL
CLERK'S OFFICE AND DISTRICT CLERK'S OFFICE
JULY 1971

Figure 1

Abstract

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Journal of Internal Medicine 255: 105–112

Year	1990	1991	1992	1993	1994	1995	1996	1997	1998	1999	2000	2001	2002	2003	2004	2005	2006	2007	2008	2009	2010	2011	2012	2013	2014	2015	2016	2017	2018	2019	2020	2021	2022	2023	2024	2025	2026	2027	2028	2029	2030	2031	2032	2033	2034	2035	2036	2037	2038	2039	2040	2041	2042	2043	2044	2045	2046	2047	2048	2049	2050	2051	2052	2053	2054	2055	2056	2057	2058	2059	2060	2061	2062	2063	2064	2065	2066	2067	2068	2069	2070	2071	2072	2073	2074	2075	2076	2077	2078	2079	2080	2081	2082	2083	2084	2085	2086	2087	2088	2089	2090	2091	2092	2093	2094	2095	2096	2097	2098	2099
1990	1991	1992	1993	1994	1995	1996	1997	1998	1999	2000	2001	2002	2003	2004	2005	2006	2007	2008	2009	2010	2011	2012	2013	2014	2015	2016	2017	2018	2019	2020	2021	2022	2023	2024	2025	2026	2027	2028	2029	2030	2031	2032	2033	2034	2035	2036	2037	2038	2039	2040	2041	2042	2043	2044	2045	2046	2047	2048	2049	2050	2051	2052	2053	2054	2055	2056	2057	2058	2059	2060	2061	2062	2063	2064	2065	2066	2067	2068	2069	2070	2071	2072	2073	2074	2075	2076	2077	2078	2079	2080	2081	2082	2083	2084	2085	2086	2087	2088	2089	2090	2091	2092	2093	2094	2095	2096	2097	2098	2099	

CONSTRUCTION MARKET
 (Continued from page 10)
 The U.S. Census Bureau reported that construction of new nonresidential buildings in the U.S. rose 1.5% in 1990 from 1989. The total value of new nonresidential construction was \$100.4 billion, or 1.5% more than in 1989. The construction of new nonresidential buildings in the U.S. in 1990 was valued at \$100.4 billion, or 1.5% more than in 1989. The construction of new nonresidential buildings in the U.S. in 1990 was valued at \$100.4 billion, or 1.5% more than in 1989.

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There are two groups of people who are not in the same position as the others. One group is the group of people who are not in the same position as the others. The other group is the group of people who are not in the same position as the others.

[illegible]

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